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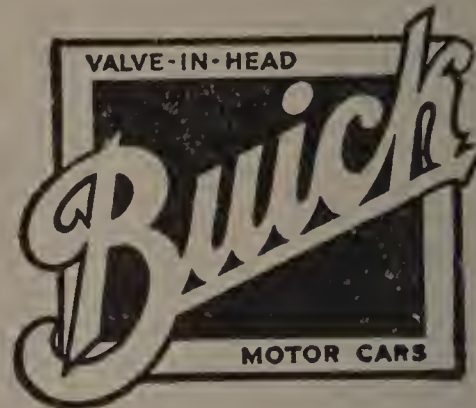
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# THE HUTTLESTONIAN

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS



	PAGE
A MODEST EXPLANATION OF THIS ISSUE . . . . .	13
WILLIAM N. DEXTER, (A PHOTOGRAPH) . . . . .	14
HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1927 . . . . .	15
WHO'S WHO AND WHY (ROSTER OF THE CLASS OF '27) . . . .	23
WHAT A POST GRADUATE THINKS ABOUT "BAB" . . . . .	33
THE BOOK AND THE EYE . . . . .	37
THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1927 . . . . .	43
THE OBSERVANT STUDENT . . . . .	53



## A Modest Explanation of This Issue

FOUR years ago the Class of '27 entered Fairhaven High School and in that year "The Huttlestonian" was born. We were "fresh" from from the Rogers School, then, where we had sponsored the commencement of the "Rogers Review." We may, therefore, in some measure, be pardoned for associating the success of "The Huttlestonian" with the efforts of our class more than with those of any other class. So as a farewell number and to wind off our five years of journalistic experience, we are devoting this issue to the Seniors.

In it you will find, among other interesting things, a history of our class written by Dary Dunham, who, since he has been prominent in class activities, is a competent person for the task. Our humorist, George Cook, with Hope Dudgeon and Aldora Fairweather, has endeavored to raise the dark veil of the future which obscures from ordinary eyes all coming events.

With the assistance of Rosamond Simmons and Charles Stiles, we have tried to compile a directory of the class (with comments.) This was not facile for it has been almost impossible to find out the required information as to the offices held or activities engaged in by each student. Either the Seniors are very modest or they are not the least superstitious! Both are unbelievable characteristics. Be that as it may, we had a sign on the board of Room 4 for a week. Apparently they didn't believe in signs! However, as a blanket statement, we will modestly admit that we have done most everybody—pardon—everything in school. We are sorry that we could not print everybody's picture, but we felt that so many good-looking faces would give our magazine the air of a movie monthly. Mr. Cook kindly offered to guard against such a stigma by having his picture withdrawn, but we felt that it would be quite safe enough to merely print Bill Dexter's in front.

So, knowing how sorry you all are to see the Class of '27 depart, we humbly present this number as a fond farewell.



WILLIAM N. DEXTER

---

CLASS OF 1926

*President*—WILLIAM N. DEXTER

*Vice-President*—WARREN K. PAGE

*Secretary*—PALMA R. CHAMPEGNY

*Treasurer*—DOROTHY M. HENSHAW

CLASS COLORS

BLACK AND GOLD

# History Of The Class of 1927



AT about 8:10 o'clock on the morning of September the fifth, 1923, in timid little groups or in some assumedly boisterous parties, the new freshies began filtering into Room Seven (after inquiring as to its whereabouts). Long before 8:30 the members of the embryo class of 1927 had been assigned to their seats and were ready for four years of toil.

Seated before Mr. Staples was a class in a class by itself. It was a happy medium of classes, inclining a bit towards the superior, a class of big and little pupils made up of the best products from The Rogers Grammar School, St. Josephs, Sacred Heart Convent, Acushnet Grammar School, New Bedford High School, and the Holy Family Grammar School. The upper classes assembled did not applaud as we passed into the Assembly Hall,—they did not realize our magnanimity!

To one accustomed to familiar faces of classmates from the Rogers School and to some acquaintances from other schools about town, there were some strange and unfamiliar faces in our group. Perhaps you can look back and recall them to memory: Eddie (Huniac) Wlodyka, the Polish fisherman from New Bedford; Harold Macomber from out in the sticks, (only five miles from Fairhaven); A Python hunter (white) from Africa, Freddy Cowles, new and interesting; Ray Mack, upstart from the High School over the river, prominent storekeeper; Charles Thomas John Burns (harp) from Holy Family Grammar School, we didn't think he came from Friends Academy.

"Pidge" did not have to use the same tactics that Bill Broderick used to get the athletes at Salem, for the athletic members of the incoming class filled the bill perfectly. Among the many who reported to "Pidge", Captain Johnny Hawkins, Harold Mac, and Ray Eldred made a varsity rating.

At this stage of the game the Freshmen encountered around school a somber, soft-footed Sophomore, George Cook, later to be heard from.

The only Freshman on "The Huttlestonian" staff was Ernie DeCoffe, in the role of Assistant Business Manager. He surely could bring in the ads! One of the best Freshman contributions to the paper was Freddy Cowles' original story "The Python Hunt."

Day by day the class grew older, and day by day winter and the indoor sports season drew nearer. The combined Freshman-Junior track team walked away with high honors in the class track meet held early in the track season. Simmons and Ray Eldred were members of the hoop squad during the season.

It was not according to custom for Freshies to participate in many extra curricula activities, but on Lincoln's birthday, Freddie Simmons gave a little speech before the school.

Spring and its fever came! Some fellows that the fever didn't touch knocked the horsehide around, while other activities burned the cinders.

The only thing that made us sure we would be Sophomores the next year was that we saw the class of 1924 safely graduated, and knew that we would have to shift and fill the empty space. Much to our disgust school closed for a short vacation and we left Room Seven and its lord and master, Mr. Staples.

---

- The Fall of 1924 didn't bring back as many Sophs as there were Freshmen in 1923, but what looked like the makings of a promising High School Class was on hand. The class split up that fall. A few were placed with Mrs. Dodge, in Room Five, others in Room Eight with Miss Gifford, and the rest in Room Six under Miss Dorothy Muzzey. There were only one or two noticeable absentees this year. Freddy Cowles left us to return to Africa, and a dark headed colleen left to go back to Watertown High.

The first Student Council was formed in 1924 and each room sent its delegates to that body.

A Traffic Squad under Carley Holland went into active service in the fall, with many Sophs appointed as cops with regular beats.

The first meeting of the class of 1927 was held in the first semester. Officers were elected and the class pins were ordered. Cook, the youth I have made mention of before came back anew to school and joined our class. To show how glad we were to see him, we elected him president for one year. The other officers were:

Granville Prior, Vice President

Palma Champegny, Secretary

Aldora Fairweather, Treasurer

Bill Dexter erstwhile Mattapoissett "hello boy," at one time a class ahead of us, liked our company so well that he waited and joined us in 1924. Pres Hoxie a varsity hoopster as a Freshman, had the same feeling as Bill and also joined a good class. Paulie Hirst after a disastrous football season, got through hanging around the nurses at Crary Hospital and joined the class too. They were not unwelcome.

Ev Slocum, Charlie Stiles et al. with most of the 1923 squad members reported for football that fall, and in this little history within a history you'll find Simmie was ironed out into a good little quarter (not two bits.) Ray Eldred played varsity guard and knocked Captain

Epstein around so much in the New Bedford game that he was made a member of the All-Bristol County Football Team. I trust you'll understand that Epstein was a New Bedford man; you've never heard of an Epstein in Fairhaven High School. Freddie Moss was being molded into the center berth and Eddie Wlodyka got his "F" playing in the line and backfield.

Winter soon rolled around and stayed awhile, finding during it's sojourn that the Sophs had a strong class track team. Consequently the combined Senior-Soph team won the class meet. It found also that we had some hoopsters in Ray Eldred, Eddie, Pres Hoxie, Pop McGowan and Harold Mac.

In other activities we find that members of the class helped in the Literary Club entertainment of that year.

In the sport line in the spring, Simmie with his hurdles, and Eddie with his weights were point winners. On the other hand, Mac, Cook, Bill Dexter, and Eddie held down positions on the nine.

June came and another class left us and we moved up a notch nearer graduation. Needless to say school did not continue through July and August!

---

The farmers said that the 1925 crop was very abundant, that is to say a bumper crop. So was the class of 1927 a bumper crop that fall, abundant in intellectual and athletic strength and in class spirit. Everyone who returned had grown bigger, older, better looking and much wiser. In checking up, Rod Holmes was found missing, but was located in school at Hartford, Connecticut.

We welcomed a personage that fall, known in shape and name as James Hossley, fresh from C. M. T. C. and Brookline High School. To the girls he was a grateful addition to the moss grown faces of their classmates. George "Scut" Damon also joined the class in the fall. Lucky for him he waited for us or he wouldn't have met the blonde! We met another blonde friend about this time at school who soon became an uncle to all of us—Robert Erickson formerly of Clark University.

Now our Brookline friend turned out to be a rather good quarterback, Freddy Moss a flankman of Cuffy in the line, and Tin Page a much picked on end. Bill Dexter played the tackle positions with Captain Cieurzo, Cook playing his first eligible year of football cavorted



around in the backfield, and Harold Mac played the other back. Six Juniors on the first team of the 1925 football team! The latter became the Bristol County Champions.

Simmy moved up into the lieutenant's berth on the Traffic Squad, with many Juniors as cops under him. Simmy also accompanied Jim O'Leary to Holyoke to the Student Council Convention.

That winter Crowell Publishing Co. started a novel subscription campaign in school. Hope Dudgeon was captain of one of the prehistoric teams.

We were frivolous Juniors if I do say so; the only thing the Seniors did that we didn't do was to run a senior dance and sit in senior seats in Room Four and in the Assembly Hall.

Regardless of the galaxy of Senior track stars the Junior Freshman team won the class track meet again. Tin Page found himself in the 300 and Damie was quite the jumping bean; Eddie, Simmie, Mac, Pop, and Timmie Francis were among the ranks of the more versatile. Hossley ran on the school relay team that defeated all competition in the indoor meets at Boston. Damon was a winner at the state meet.

Four of the players on Jim O'Leary's hoop team were Juniors—Mac, Cook, Hoxie and Pop; and Pres was elected Captain for 1926. Jim Hossley and Grannie Prior were managers of the Basketball and Track teams respectively.

While Miss Gurney was in charge of Room 11 the Juniors had charge of a Junior Christmas Assembly that, of course, went far ahead of the presentations of the other classes!

As I said we did all the things the Seniors did except sit in their Assembly seats; we did that on the eventful Junior Day—and we did those seats justice!

In 1926 Fairhaven High School had one of the best outdoor track teams in the state. It came second in the State Meet held in Harvard Stadium, in May of 1926. Dammie and Tin stuck with Ray Sylvia over the sticks, each to win a place. Eddie got second to Cieurzo in the Shot Put, and Bill got fourth place. Cook ran on the winning relay team at the Boston College High track meet. The same fellows scored in the County meet helping Fairhaven win the title. Jim Hossley started in a race with cold and tonsillitis, but got badly beaten so he took a little vacation.

Bill Dexter, Eddie, Harold Mac, Cook, Hossley and Hoxie played varsity baseball; in addition, Page pitched.

At the graduation exercises, Granville Prior was presented the Harvard Club award for scholarship. At these exercises the Seniors retreated to leave the Class of 1927 coming down the stretch with the tape in sight.

---

After having had time out for a bit, we struck out again in the fall of 1926 for the last time. Fifty-five members came back this fall, fifty-five wise and privileged Seniors.

Sinmy came back to captain the cops, and Tin, Hope, Dary and Barbara Bates to be staff officers. Freddy Moss returned to edit "The Huttlestonian," and with him were Palma Champegny, Cook, Dunham and Prior to help him out in the staff work.

The yearly rig-marole of class election was held for the last time, and when the dust cleared, the following were elected:

Bill Dexter, President

Tin Page, Vice-president

Palma Champegny, Secretary

Dot Henshaw, Treasurer

Mentioning the name of the Vice-president reminds me that this Page boy, destined to be an All County end, and all set for a whale of a sport year, decided to part company with his appendix. The feeling was mutual however and the appendix jumped the gun; so he spent his first term in St. Lukes.

That small town hecker, the "hello boy" from Mattapoissett was Captain of the football team this year. As he stood out in the field before a game and looked over his men, he could see that Charlie Burns, Jim Hossley, Cookie and Fritz Moss were all set to tear. Now you may have recognized the omission of a few names that belonged to some members of the class during the first three years, but these members took it into their heads to wait for the next class. Therefore I make mention of the fact that Edward Wlodyka, Harold Macomber, and Lawrence McGowan so left the class of 1927.

The B. A. A. elected Cookie to be its President and Jim Hossley to be its Secretary. To prove that the other classes have faith in the Seniors, note whom they elected to the Presidency!

The subject of athletics, very prominent throughout this history but not needlessly so, brings to my mind and to yours, that a new friend from down east, a coach and friend, came to develop some more County

champions. "The New Bedford Times" made it necessary for us to proclaim publicly that Del Borah was O. K. He at least coached the football champions of the County.

Our only new member this year was an old member who again preferred Fairhaven High to Watertown High and thought enough of us to bring her sister along.

Feeling was running rather high when the indoor track season came around, for the Juniors had an insane idea that they could beat the Seniors. Then the class met and elected Bill Dexter to be the Captain of the Senior track team. I might say here that Cookie was elected varsity track Captain at a meeting of the B. A. A. Despite the activities of our former classmates and team mates who gave us a little competition, the Seniors helped by the Sophs won the meet. This was the fourth year trackmen from the class had been on the winning team in class competition. I believe I mentioned a varsity track team of which Cook was Captain. The team is managed by Everett Slocum (I think he's a classmate.) It sat all over New Bedford twice in indoor competition, and was among the first five schools in the State Indoor Meet.

Captain Pres Hoxie and the scientific shooter Cook were varsity members of Mr. Borah's first Fairhaven High School quintet. Cook was a choice for the All County Five. Bill Dexter was manager of the team.

On February 18th in the Town Hall the most successful and popular Senior play ever presented, was staged by the class of 1927. The cast and staff were Seniors. Of course if the play were good, then the director must have been in the same class. The director was Miss Margaret Siebert. Now you know the director was good! I might add that the name of the play was "Bab" and Aldora Fairweather was a perfect Bab.

After the Senior play excitement had quieted down, the class with Jim Hossley as manager managed to get something off it's chest that had been on for six weeks. That was the Senior Assembly. We brought down the house,—and not by a brick!

The morning before this was written, ten Seniors and seven Juniors were initiated to the Fairhaven High School Honor Society, a society formed to emulate scholarship and service. Fred Moss, Marion Roos, Palma Champegny, and Granville Prior being the first four ranking members were elected officers.

The baseball team for the present season has the services of that eveready battery, Page and Dexter, George Cook, Hoxie, Jim Hossley, Pfluggie and Charlie Stiles. Grannie Prior is the manager.



As I'm rather hazy about girls' athletics I won't venture much, but I do know that this year Barbara Bates is the President of the G. A. A.

There are two recognized honors in school, the Service Point awards recently inaugurated, and the Roll of Honor. It would be easier to name the Seniors who haven't been on the Honor Roll and who haven't received Service Points than to enumerate those who have received such honors.

Resubscription letters from magazine subscriptions attained in 1926 by the school were recently sent out by the Class of '27. Charlie Burns is manager of the subscription campaign. The letters are all coming back answered, and will help to increase the class treasury.

Although the first two Senior Dances of the year belied the fact that we regarded them more as a duty than as a pleasure, the third annual Senior Dance held April 18, 1927 in the Gym was rather a success. The punch went so quickly that we couldn't wash the cups fast enough, and for the first time in cons the floor was slippery! Simmy was the chairman of the dance committees and did all the work of the said committee!

When we're concerned with school activities we hardly think about the people who had to endure us for four years (not referring to any undergrad.) As Freshies we were made to toe the mark by Mr. Staples, but now we're glad we were in his room and were known to him. As Sophomores many basked under the smile of Miss Muzzey. As Juniors we had the traditional Junior teacher the manager of Room 11, Miss Gurney. After the enjoyable years the other classes passed through under her guidance we didn't know whether to consider it an insult when she left in the middle of our Junior year. When we became Seniors and received Senior privileges, we were in need of an advisor and friend who could help us to wisely and pleasantly partake of these privileges. Miss Margaret Siebert filled the bill exactly. We're indebted to all of these folks for putting up with us and for treating us so decently. Half the enjoyment of our school years is due to them. Last but not least, we must not forget the headmaster, who was always a wise councilor to the class and to the individuals in the class.

At a class meeting this Spring, the class of 1927 elected George Cook as Class Prophet and chose as Historian the undersigned.

Dary Dunham.

# WHO'S WHO and WHY

BEING A ROSTER OF THE CLASS OF '27  
INCLUDING THE NAME AND HISTORY  
(BE IT EVER SO DARK)  
OF EVERY MEMBER OF THE CLASS.



We must first beg you to excuse the following comments; most of them were made during a fit of mental aberration. The editors will readily admit any incompetence and gladly explain anything that is not generally understood providing that you leave your hammer at home when you call on us. We also sincerely hope that no remark has been made that will necessitate our sudden evacuation from the town!

G. A. A. and B. A. A. signify the Girls' and Boys' Athletic Associations, respectively. The Carpe Diem and French Club have been recently organized together with the German classes into a language club. Abbreviations have been necessary, but I think are self-explanatory. Finally, the Rolfe edition of Shakespeare was used in the line number references!



## The Class of '27

ALDEN, PRISCILLA FRANCIS

"Peg"

"Crazy over horses, horses—"Especially Battery D's.

Hockey 1; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3—officer 4; Carpe Diem 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 2, 3, 4; Service pin and certificate; Student representative of Senior Class to Woman's Club.

BACKUS, ORVILLA A.

"Villa"

Orvilla is of such a retiring disposition, that we can only refer you to Cymbeline, Act V, Scene V, Line 48.

Commercial and Literary Clubs 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

BATES, BARBARA

"Di"

We sometimes think Barbara must sleep with her Latin book under her pillow.

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3—president 4; Carpe Diem 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 2, 3, 4; Traffic Officer 2, 3—lieutenant 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Service pin and certificate; Prompter, Senior Play; Honor Society.

BETTENCOURT, ELIZABETH

"Libby"

Not even the photographer could jolly Libby along. For a middle name we suggest "Valencia."

French and Literary Clubs 2, 3, 4; Chorus 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

BROWN, WEBSTER RICHARDSON

"Web"

"The tie that blinds" — 'nuff said!

Football 2; Track 4; Baseball 4; Literary Club 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager—Senior Play; Senior Dance Committee.

BURNS, CHARLES THOMAS JOHN "Burnsy," "Chas. T.," "Charlie"

"You see, it seems there was an Irishman" — However, Charlie has neither "Pat" nor "Mike" among his numerous cognomens.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Language Club; Literary Club; French play; Advertising Manager—Senior Play; Business Manager—Subscription Campaign; Senior Assembly; Service Certificate.

CHACE, ELIZABETH DOROTHY

"Peggy"

They tell us that when it comes to high-jumping Elizabeth is a regular Harold Osborne.

Hockey 1, 2, 4; Commercial Club; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4.

CHAMPEGNY, PALMA ROSE ALMA

When they organize a society or class at Fairhaven High School, they begin by electing Palma as secretary.

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3, 4; Hockey, captain 1, 2, 4; Baseball, captain 2; Basketball, captain 4; Secretary Literary Club 4; Secretary of Class 2, 3, 4; Service pin and certificate; Secretary Honor Society; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Traffic 2, 3, 4; Ass. Advt. Mgr. "Huttlestonian" 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3.

COOK, GEORGE MILTON

"Cooky," "Cuisinier"

If George dressed any slower he'd meet himself coming in from gym. In spite of this, he is our only five-letter man and is also some student. By the way, he attributes his success to Fleischman's Yeast.

Football 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tennis; President Tennis Club; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Secretary 3; President of Class 2; Student Council—delegate to convention of Student Councils 4; Library Benefit entertainment.

DAMMON, GEORGE KEMPTON

"Damon"

It takes a track meet or Ford's springs to get a rise out of George. B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Traffic.

DECOFFE, ERNEST

"Ernie" "Mrs. Broughton"

After listening to tales that Ernie tells around the lunch table, we nominate him as the Baron Munchausen of the class.

"Eddie Perkins"—Senior Play; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

DENHAM, EDITH

The class prophet had better take notice of this young lady; why! she started winning scholarships before she came to High School.

Commercial Club 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

DEXTER, WILLIAM NYE

"Your Credit is Good at the Household." Well, Bill we can't say it is in F. H. S.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Vice-president B. A. A. 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Class 4; Stage hand—Senior Play; Captain of Football 4.

DILLINGHAM, CHARLES

"Charlie"

Charlie tempts a timourously, touching tune from an unusually useful "uke."

Football 2; Track 4; Vice-president of Commercial Club; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

DUDGEON, HOPE ELIZABETH

Shakespeare says it much better than we can: See the "Tempest" Act II, Scene II, Line 47. "Cymbeline" Act II, Scene I, dozen lines from end of scene.

## THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Ethic's Comm; Traffic 2, 3—lieut. 4; "Leila"—Senior Play; Senior Dance Comm.; Honor Society; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

DUNHAM, CRAWFORD DARY

When a plumber's son becomes a doctor some interesting complications should arise; for instance, suppose in forgetting his tools, he leaves a scalpel sewed up in some unfortunate victim.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Language Club; Literary Club; Debating Society 4; Student Council 2, 3; Traffic 2, 3,—lieut. 4; Honor Society; Huttlestonian Staff; French play; "Carter Brooks"—Senior Play; Senior Dance Comm.; Assembly 3, 4; Concert 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Historian.

FAIRWEATHER, ALDORA

"Dodo"

Another reason why Anita Loos was right.

Hockey 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary and Commercial Clubs 3, 4; Treasurer of Class 2, 3; "Bab"—Senior Play; Senior Dance Committee; Class prophet (one of them).

FRANCIS, MALCOLM

"Micky" "Spider"

Mickey is pretty fast—Say now, we don't mean it that way—but just try running a half-mile behind him.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

GAMMONS, ALLEN

"Liza"

Liza has been producing wind at the business end of a cornet in the orchestra for the past four years.

Track 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

HENSHAW, ALICE M.

"Lissie"

And oysters! Why, when "Abie's Irish Rose"—Lord, how our mind wanders. We'll go crazy yet trying to think up something about this quiet young lady.

Hockey 3; Baseball 2; Tennis 3; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

HENSHAW, DOROTHY

"Dotty"

They say that Dorothy has enough typewriting certificates to paper a room.

Basketball; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 2; Pres. Commercial Club; Treasurer of Class 4; Honor Society.

HIRST, PAUL H.

Demonstrates to the Dumb Doras that a Pole (or is it Paul) Vault is not a bank in Warsaw.



## THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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Football 1, 2, mgr. 4; Basketball 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 4; Language Club; Commercial Club.

HOSSLEY, JAMES

“Jim”

“It is the beautiful women, Miss Archibald, that make the world go round.” Jimmie’s little world must be spinning like a top.

Football 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball Mgr. 3; B. A. A. 3—secretary 4; Treasurer Literary Club 3; “Guy Grosvenor”—Senior Play; Chairman of Senior Assembly.

HOXIE, PRESCOTT

“Sam”

Exponent of what the well dressed basketeer will wear. Also founder of the famous Fairhaven A. C.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

KARL, ADA WALBURGER

You know Ada was a maid in the Senior Play. After being present at a few rehearsals, we think it was a pity that there was no butler’s pantry.

Basketball 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 4; “Hannah” in Senior Play.

KEITH, ROSAMONDE

“Ros”

An ardent follower of Terpsichore.

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; French Club 2.

KENNY, EDITH GERTRUDE

“Min”

One of the triumvirate who do their Latin in every class but the Latin class.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 4—Vice-pres. 3; French and Literary Clubs 2, 3, 4; Secretary and Treasurer of Latin Club; Student Council 4; Service pin and certificate; Prompter, Senior Play, Honor Society.

KNOWLES, MARJORIE

“Marge” “Maggie”

Proving that Ladies Prefer Blondes as well as Gentlemen.

Hockey 3; Literary Club; French Club; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; “Jane Raleigh” in Senior Play.

LAWTON, CHARLES J.

“Chuck” “Charlie”

“Oh, Fireman, save my chee-ild!”

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

MACK, RAYMOND

“Ray”

Artist, radio expert, mathematician, musician, or what have you?

Track 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4; Traffic Squad 2, 3, 4; Honor Society.

MAXFIELD, THAIS

"Juno" "Tay-Tay"

Thais hopes to be a Domestic Science expert, so, soon she too will be preparing "burnt offerings."

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2.

MCCARTHY, DORIS AND ESTHER

"Pat" and "Mike"

These young ladies have increased by two Fairhaven High's quota of those wearing the green on March 17. We may also mention that they are true lovers of blarney.

MCLEOD, CHRISTINE

"Teeny" "Chris"

Can two persons travel on a Union Street Railway pass?

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 3, 4; French Club 2, 4; Debating Club 4.

MONTPLAISER, ALICE DORIS

"Frenchy"

She has recently become a short-change artist at the theater which commonly goes under the appellation of a piece of kitchen furniture.

Hockey 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French and Commercial Clubs.

MOSS, FREDERICK MICHAEL

"Mossy" "Fritz" "Mike"

The fellow responsible for the wise crack about you, therefore, fill in dotted lines below for revenge:

.....  
 .....

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 4; Pres. Science Club; Literary Club—Sec. 2, pres. 3; French Club 2, 3; Treasurer French Class; Debating Club 4; Pres. Room 8; Pres. Room 11; Pres. Class 3; Student Council 2, 3, 4, Pres. 4; Ethics Committee; Traffic 2, 3, 4; "Huttlestonian" staff 3, Editor 4; Service pin and certificate; President Honor Society; Library Benefit entertainment; Literary Club entertainment; French Play; "Mr. Archibald"—Senior Play; Chorus 3, 4.

PACKARD, KENNETH NEWELL

"Kenny"

Kenny's practical turn of mind should cause him to be admired by the young ladies who fancy a young man who can hang a picture without falling from the stepladder.

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Traffic squad 3, 4.

PAGE, WARREN KEMPTON

"Tin"

"Tin" is the Class Cynic, although his bark is worse than his bite.

Football 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President Literary Club; Language Club; Vice-president of Class 4; Lieutenant Traffic Squad 4; "Clinton Beresford"—Senior Play.

PERRY, EVELYN

"A life on the ocean wave—" Evelyn on the High C's.

Hockey 1; Basketball 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Language Club 4; Service pin and certificate.

PERRY, MANUEL F.

“Peewee”

“It’s the little things in life that count”—We’d like to say something about Peewee, but the printer hasn’t small enough type.

Commercial Club, Track; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

PFLUG, ALBERT

“Pfluggie”

We will be “holely” original and say nothing about the circular confectionary.

Football 1, 2; Basketball; Baseball 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

PORTAS, WILLIAM

“Willie”

Willie plays the piano, victrola, banjo, mandolin, ukelele, fife, harmonica and saw. It is predicted that he will next attempt to get music out of a set of files.

Football 3; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

PRICE, CATHERINE

“Cat”

Now, let’s see. Yes! We think we once saw her in a serious mood. Hockey 1; Basketball 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Language Club; Service pin and certificate.

PRIOR, GRANVILLE

“Granny”

The saviour of many a Latin recitation. Branny is going to Amherst, so it’s only a matter of time before he is president.

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Mgr. 4; Track Mgr. 3; Latin and Literary Clubs; Debating Club 4; Student Council; Traffic; “Huttlestonian” Staff; “William”—Senior Play.

RANSOM, LOUISE

“Squeezer”

Good Lord, Louise, where did you get that nickname? You’re not Scotch!

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track; French and Literary Clubs.

RIOUX, LORETTA

“Speed-wagon”

Apropos of the fact that Loretta was a “hash-slinger” in Nantucket last summer, we offer this:

Loretta: “How did you find your steak, sir?”

Customer (brightly): “Oh, I just moved this potato and there it was!”

Hockey 1, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 1, 2; Service certificate.

ROOS, MARION ELIZABETH

“California, here I come—”



## THE HUTTLESTONIAN

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G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; French Club 2, 3; Science Club 1; Traffic 4; Vice-president Honor Society; Class Constitution Committee 2; "Mrs. Archibald"—Senior Play.

ROTHWELL, VERDA

The Fairhaven (fire) belle.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4.

SILVA, ALFRED

"Al"

This young man is sure to rise (especially if he sits on a tack).

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Track; Secretary of Commercial Club 3, 4.

SILVER, ELSIE

"Blondie"

The cheerfulest senior.

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4.

SIMMONS, FRED ARTHUR

"Simmy"

It is said that the pun is the lowest form of wit, yet Simmy has raised it to a fine art; probably because "Art" is his middle name.

Football 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Secretary Science Club 1; Vice-president Debating Club 4; Rooms 8 and 11 Councils; Treasurer Room 11; Vice-president of Class 3; Student Council 2, 3; Delegate to convention of Student Councils 3; Traffic squad 2, lieutenant 3, captain 4; Chairman Senior Dance Committee; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

SIMMONS, ROSAMOND JANE

"Ros"

Ros can certainly tickle the ivories (and we don't mean that she uses a toothpick).

Hockey 3, 4; Tennis 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 2, 3; President Room 9; Student Council 2, 3; Traffic 2, 3, 4; Stage settings—Senior Play; Senior Dance Committee; Concert soloist 1, 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Student representative of Senior Class to Woman's Club.

SLOCUM, EVERETT RUSSELL

"Ev" "Slickum"

The "baby" of the Class and midget of the Unholy Three. Football 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Carpe Diem 2, 3; Literary Club 2, 3; Student Council 4; Huttlestonian Staff; French play; Junior and Senior Assembly, "Eddie Perkins II"—Senior Play.

STILES, CHARLES

"Charlie" "Fairy"

Class poet, as you may know by the long wave of hair that falls across

his noble brow. Also he aided ye editor in this dirty work.

Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4;  
Secretary of Student Council 4.

SYLVIA, MANUEL JOSEPH

“Manny” “Nigger”

Miss Griswold’s right hand man.

Football, Track, Cashier of Lunch Room; B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

VALLEY, ALMIRA JANE

“Mira”

*Found*—one person who went to Florida and who does not constantly remind us of the fact.

G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey 1; Basketball 1; Commercial Club;  
Secretary-Treasurer Home Room Council; Student Council 4; Traffic.

VANDENBURGH, CHARLES DOUGLAS

“Vandy”

Charley comes from Acushnet, but everybody likes him too well to hold that against him for long.

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Baseball 1, 2; Literary, French and Science Clubs.

WRIGHTINGTON, ALDEN

“Old Man”

Old Man did not need a plastic surgeon to beautify his “beak”; football gave him some entirely new bridgework.

B. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball; Commercial Club.



What a Post Graduate Thinks about “Bab”



The role of a dramatic critic is a new one for this Post Graduate but it is to be a most delightful one I am sure. How could it help but be with such a worthwhile entertainment as the seniors gave when they presented on February 18th, Mary Roberts Rinehart's mirth-producing comedy "Bab"? I loved "Bab"! It was such a rollicking, care-free play; one that made you forget your trials and troubles, and just be happy that you were alive.

If time permitted I would write at length about the finished acting and stage settings, but time does not allow for this. However, when one is reminiscing over certain events he wishes always to keep in his memory box, there are some that stand out in cameo clearness.

First, for the settings. The one that impressed me the most was that of the Archibald boat house, with the effective expanse of water showing beyond the window. For the romantic scene in this place, where the figures were distinctly silhouetted in the moonlight, special admiration was felt. A splendid piece of work!

Secondly, for the actors themselves. The lesser but essential parts of the grey-haired maid, and rigid butler, made us wish we might see these two to better advantage.

The comedians especially in the "cigar scene" were keenly appreciated. And Marjorie had such good looking gowns; as for Ernest, never would the audience have guessed he was suffering from a fever-producing cold. He certainly showed grit.

The movie actor was portrayed with the suave, soft spoken manner, and bewitching smile that one always connects with a hero of the screen.

The part of an elderly couple is one that college students and older amateurs are shy about undertaking. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald were admirably portrayed. Marion Roos did not exaggerate her role; and Fred Moss as the father certainly gave professional touches to his role of the parent that favored Bab. The scene that ended the play with Bab curled up in her father's lap was quite a turn from the usual trend. It was very homey, very sweet.

Leila, stunningly gowned, made a striking older sister. Her lover, praisworthily portrayed by Warren Page, was perfect. Much talent has always been shown by him along this line, and he surely improved his high dramatic standard in the role of the Englishman. A capital bit of acting!

For the lover of Bab, Dary Dunham as the care-free man made a very capable and good-looking one. His fondness for Bab, kept cropping out in delightful ways. Their love-making at the end was well done.

As for Bab herself, she was a dear,—one that you would like to put in "Little Old New York," or in "Peg-O'-My-Heart." Aldora was just the build and temperament for the part of Bab, a Bab to whom you couldn't help but lose your heart. There was an elfish charm about her vivacity and spunkiness. Some day we may find Aldora in a Peter Pan-like role, who knows?

Although "Bab" is a play that would not live through the ages, still it is a worth-while, fun-producing comedy, and one that is as a fresh breeze among the heavier, realistic plays of to-day. Much praise is due not only to the cast, but to the admirable coaching of Miss Siebert. And what would we do without our stage managers, property managers, prompters, and all essential managers? The play just wouldn't go on!

Congratulations again for the play about which nothing but praise has been heard.

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26



There is a custom in many schools to have a year book or a class edition of the school magazine replete with class poems or odes. It is not because we disfavor this custom but because of the scarcity of material of this kind offered for print, that we can only present this original poem entitled "The Book and The Eye", written by F. Michael Moss.

The editor feels it is much more worth while to read this poem than to read five or six little dabs of verse on "Springtime", "Clouds", "The Pretty Flowers", and "The Pretty Hills"!



# The Book and the Eye

A sickly, yellow sun sank down  
Behind the rooftops of a town,  
And sent its dying beams within  
A Student's room, in which the din  
Of traffic in the nearby street  
Seemed muffled, as do countless feet,  
When distance blurs the sound.  
The endless ticking of a clock  
The Student's labors seemed to mock.  
A striking hour with sullen boom  
Disturbed the silence of the room.  
Then torn a moment from his book,  
With fevered glance and startled look,

The Student gazed around  
The slowly dark'ning room; and then  
His eyes dropped to the Book again.—  
A Book with binding tooled in gold,  
Containing many legends old;  
A book on which he'd chanced to drop  
While browsing in some dusty shop.

The quaint black type did run  
In fearful figures through his brain,  
And little piercing darts of pain  
Shot through his head; and so he laid  
The Book aside. His thoughts then strayed  
To other things. Perhaps he had  
Been made to feel so hot and bad

By sitting in the sun.  
Yes, that was it! How hot it seemed!  
His brain with frightful fancies teemed!  
And yet it seemed the Book had done  
To him more harm than could the sun.—  
This Book that told of magic queer  
Had somehow come to make him fear

To think of what he'd read—  
This queer, old Book that did unfold  
Such tales as made one's blood run cold—  
Of Murder, Witchcraft, Spells and War,

And journeys into Hell's dark maw—  
Anthropomancy in the gloom  
Of some dead Pharoh's stone-cold tomb  
    To call to life the dead.

When he was but a little chap  
And sat upon his father's lap  
To hear the tales his father told—  
Of giants, knights, and barons bold—  
A tale had held him, fascinated,  
About two princes suffocated

    When they were very young.  
And now this Book he'd read today  
Had held him in that same strange way  
The tales in funny looking runes  
Ran through his head like pop'lar tunes,  
But how a priest had chanced to die,  
Being haunted by the Evil Eye.

    Was one most often sung.  
The Student felt he did not know  
Just why this tale should hold him so.—  
This eye with haunting, steady gaze  
The very strongest mind could craze.  
The Eye was known in many lands  
'Twas older than the desert sands.

    This Evil Eye was found  
Alike upon Egyptain stones  
And Inca palace, midst the bones,  
The Indian had known it, too,  
And put it on his bark canoe.  
The Chinese priests had found its spell  
More to use to them than gong and bell.

    And instruments of sound.  
But, after all why should it haunt  
His thoughts? And why—why should it daunt  
Men's hearts? Why should this Evil Eye  
Possess the power to horrify?  
Was it because there was no head  
To hold this Eye that was not dead?

    The Eye he had not seen—  
There were no pictures in the Book.



He knew, though, just how it would look.  
Its color, now, must be green—not green  
Of grass—sweet grass, so cool, serene—  
Nor yet that green of flowers and trees  
That waves in every passing breeze—

But deadly green—a green.

A green that is a subtle thing,  
More deadly than the green asp's sting.  
A green as on a crocodile  
That wallows in the stagnant Nile.  
Folks once had feared the green darnel  
As poisonous. Was not the great Parnell

Afraid of green? of green?

The water torture could not compare  
With that haunting, steady stare.  
Just think of seeing that horrid gaze  
Night after night, days after days.  
His head on hand he had to lean  
Whene'er he turned his thoughts to green.

Just thing—a steady green.

Its steady gaze—What was the use  
Of letting his poor thoughts run loose  
Like this? Of course, he must be calm.  
'Twas foolishness to think that harm  
Could come to him! He'd go to bed.  
A little sleep would clear his head.

Of all his morbid fright.

The Student closed his eyes to doze,  
But little imps of figures rose  
To dance before him. That cursed Book!  
He wished he'd never chanced to look  
Upon it! Why Clark just yesterday

Clark! Where was he tonight?

(Of course, you knew Clark roomed with him.)

The Student looked around. The dim  
Light from the window of the room  
Was giving way to thicker gloom.  
The Student shivered and turned chill  
While down his spine there ran a thrill.

Some one was behind!  
He'd felt subconsciously aware  
For sometime, someone had been there!  
He wished to turn his head and see  
Who or what this thing might be,  
But he was gripped with sudden fright  
And dared not turn. 'Twould be all right  
He told himself. The rim  
Of shadow growing ever near  
Cast eerie shapes that made him fear.  
He laughed and, quickly turning, saw  
The darkened room just as before.  
But wait!—He peered with all his might,  
For what was that dim point of light?  
Could that—was that the Eye?  
But no—his nerves so overwrought  
Had played a trick and he had thought  
He'd seen the Eye. He turned once more  
And saw the Light he'd seen before!  
It was the Eye, just as he'd feared,  
For where was there a light so weird  
As this nocturnal spy?  
This glowing Eye was greenish white.  
(Not green)—but still a ghastly sight.  
And as he watched, it gently glowed—  
Not brightly, but still it showed  
No signs of failing. It was the Eye,  
Of course. But still, he saw not why  
This thing should now come here.  
Whatever it was, he knew, at least,  
He would not go mad like that priest  
It told of in the Book. The Book?  
O yes—the Book! He reached and took  
The volume in his hands. Say! Why  
Could not the Book have brought the Eye!  
And now in frenzied fear,  
Upon the floor, the Book he slammed.  
O, curse the Book! The Eye be damned!  
He looked—but no—it was not gone.  
And still and still the clock ticked on.

How long he sat he could not tell  
Quite hypnotized by some strange spell  
That had replaced his fright  
'Till finally his anger came,  
An anger now half-mixed with shame,  
For had he turned a coward? No!  
He took his penknife. He would show  
This Eye that he was not afraid.  
He then stood up and quickly made  
A spring towards the Light.  
He stopped and laughed and dropped the knife—  
The Eye possessed immortal life—  
The Eye now grew both large and red!  
The Student turned and wildly fled.  
The Eye was growing, growing till  
At last, it even seemed to fill  
The Room! And he lay still.

---

"Why, yes," said Clark. "I found him there  
When I came in. I wondered where  
He was. I raised the shade, the light  
Streamed down on him. I had a fright,  
I tell you. Crouched and with that stare—  
A huddled in the corner there!

—And so I sent for aid."  
The doctor grunted. "Strange" he said.  
He looked again and wagged his head,  
Reflectively. He stroked his hair.  
"Heart failure! Must have had a scare!"  
The doctor turned and then he saw  
A queer, old book upon the floor.

He picked it up and laid  
It gently on the desk. But Clark  
Was looking at his friend, now stark  
And stiff—And in a puzzled daze.  
He traced the Student's glassy gaze  
'Twas fixed upon the wall, on which  
There was a radium painted switch,  
That glowed when it was dark!

FREDERICK MOSS, '27



# The Prophecy of the Class of 1927

I had started out for an early morning walk on a country road. The sun had not yet risen and the air was chill. I was proceeding rather briskly along my way when I found myself approaching a thickly wooded area. The going became more difficult and my progress was necessarily slower. Suddenly I noticed, to my right, a thin haze of smoke over the tops of the trees. My curiosity aroused, I left the road and plunged into the underbrush. In a moment I came to the edge of a clearing within which stood a small cabin. While I gazed in surprise the cabin door was slowly opened and an old man appeared in the doorway. He was as small in stature as a child. His long white hair and unkempt beard straggled down over a dirty tunic. Noting my curious gaze the old man nodded to me.

"Come in," he said. "My name is Fate and I shall be glad to have some company. I feel rather bored with myself today so your visit is thrice welcome."

"Your name is 'Fate'," I cried excitedly, "why you must have the power of prophecy—and I am anxious just now to learn of the future of my class-mates!"

"We will play a game of cards," replied old man Fate, "and the stakes shall be your soul against my knowledge."

"Agreed," I answered enthusiastically, "let us commence."

In five minutes Fate confessed himself beaten. Reluctantly he spoke, "My knowledge is yours. I have not the power to foretell the future entirely unaided. I will, however, place at your command a very unique machine, an airship which controls time to such a degree that it can fly into the future."

"Then let us turn the time to 1937," I exclaimed, "and start upon our journey."

"It shall be as you desire," said old man Fate.

As we climbed into the airship he pushed a button; the propellor whirled, the plane vibrated a second and then rose straight up into the air for some distance before heading towards the southwest in the direction of New York City. The wind whistled past at a terrific rate as we sped along mile after mile into the future. Eventually the outskirts of the big city appeared far, far below. We landed near a wooded section, hid our plane as best we could, and then walked briskly until a car line was reached. The cars were somewhat different from the style used at the present time, but we finally discovered how to get in and after awhile came to the center of New York City. I paid the carfares as my companion could not find his purse.

"It is now 1937," declared Fate, "and I will locate your classmates for you. We will start by visiting that large men's clothing store across the street.

"Here we are! Ah! There's 'Web' Brown! He is a clothing model here. 'Web' enjoys his work immensely. He still dresses in the same quiet style he affected at school. Notice the lack of color. A dark blue suit, a purple shirt, a red necktie, light brown sleeves and green socks constitute his quiet and inconspicuous outfit!"

Paul Hirst is over on the other side of the counter. He must be a salesman. You see he is trying to sell a raincoat to that man. Would you believe it! That is Granville Prior, the noted song writer. Paul seems very anxious to sell the raincoat but I can't see—oh! now I understand! Notice that it is one of last year's models. Paul is putting up a very conducive argument.

"It looks like rain and I'm sure—"

"Oh! It ain't a-gonna rain no more, no more" chanted Granville.

"That ruins Paul's argument," laughed the old man.

"There's another of your classmates, my friend. Edith Denham was in your class, was she not? She was formerly Edith Denham. She is married now and bosses her husband unmercifully, even to the extent of picking out his clothing for him. She has, after much discussion, decided on the trousers. Evidently she pays cash for her purchases as she is making for the cashier's desk. Do you recognize the cashier? Why she's Thais Maxfield. Thais has developed into a short change artist of note. However, the two women are very friendly so Edith will probably receive the right amount back from her purchase.

"While they are chatting let us go across the street a moment to 'Ye Olde Antique Shoppe'. Elizabeth Bettencourt is the owner and does a large business. Just at present she is trying to sell an antique chair to that lady and trying to convince her that the particular piece of furniture is a very rare specimen. (It was shipped direct from Grand Rapids, Michigan only last week!) The customer, who by the way is Louise Ransom, listens sceptically but in the end gives in to Elizabeth's sales talk. I think the chair was sold for the small sum of \$500.00. There's Ada Karl just coming in over there with the Pomeranian dog under her arm! Ada has married a wealthy lumber man since you saw her last. She comes in here regularly and it is due to her paltry bills, amounting to \$1600 or \$1700, that the business is kept going. Ada says, 'Charge it to my husband.' (poor man) and walks majestically from the store. Now, she is entering a luxurious Packard limousine and is whirled



off by her chauffeur. Look! They knocked over a pedestrian! I can hear the chauffeur say, 'That makes twelve for today.' This blood-thirsty man is also a classmate of yours, Kenneth Packard. He is adding another mark to a small pad on which he keeps track of the people he knocks down.

"But to return to the injured pedestrian. Oh, he is Alfred Silva, a clerk on his way to work. Do you remember him? Al is slowly getting to his feet. There's Charlie Dillingham, a reporter, dashing up to help Al.

" 'What's the matter?' Charlie says. 'Did some yegg beat you up?'

" 'No,' Al replies, 'He beat me down. Some highbrow picked me off when I was crossing the street.'

"Charlie is walking on disgustedly for he knows there is no news in this event.

"I hear a faint rattle in the distance. Don't you recognize the sound? Why it's George Dammon driving his Ford—as fast as it will go! The stunning blonde beside him is his wife—and the little towhead in the back? Why! That's George, Junior. Isn't he cute and don't you think he looks like his mother?

"Here comes a motorcycle officer up the street. He seems to be chasing George. Why, that is Charlie Lawton. What is the tag he has in his hand? Ah! It will cost George at least twenty to fix this up!

"Would you care to pay a visit to the theatre across the way? Your old classmate Jimmy Hossley is the hero of 'Passion's Passion'. Can't you just hear the flappers sigh and say, 'My, ain't he handsome?'

"The beautiful heroine is Hope Dudgeon. She broke into the movies thru a bathing beauty contest. Her director, Larry Packwood, is said to be very much in love with her, but you can't tell about these movie people. They are always getting married one minute and divorced the next.

"Perhaps you don't care to stay for the show. Let's go to the restaurant on the next corner. Here we are, now what shall we have? Well, will you look over there? We seem to be meeting all your classmates. The two gentlemen, sitting with the two ladies at that corner table, are none other than Bill Dexter and Charlie Burns. Bill made a fortune in cornering the market on clam shells last week, and Charlie is trying to persuade him to put some of that fortune in his new musical comedy. It seems as if Bill would fall for the proposition, especially as Charlie has introduced him to Miss Rosamund Keith, the star of many Broadway productions. Oh! Yes! She is a noted dancer now and nightly thrills the \$50 denizens of bald-headed row.

"The brunette at the center table is 'Ros' MacKay. She was once 'Ros' Simmons. She is a concert pianist, but this does not interfere with her happy home life. She is, it is said, slowly forcing Paderewski into the poorhouse. Her music, so I have heard, can wring tears from a stone. I do not doubt it.

"I have finished eating so let us start on our way again. I'm sorry about my pocket-book, but the bill isn't much. Shall we walk along Fifth Avenue and see the sights? Here is one of the ultra exclusive women's shops where all the latest styles and prices are displayed. Did you notice the name 'Madame Loretta's'? Loretta Rioux is the owner. The customers pay dearly for the 'madame' part of the name. Alice Montplaisir buys for the establishment and spends most of her time in Paris, enjoying herself at the company's expense.

"Here is a store that ought to interest you. It is given over entirely to radio. Ray Mack is the owner and he does a huge business handling Super Iodine sets. There's Ernest DeCoffe and 'Mac' Francis just coming in. Both are keen radio fans, as you can see from the dark circles under their eyes. What a heated argument they are having. 'Ernie' is telling 'Mac' he had California last night. Mac will come right back by saying that he had London. Ernie will go him one better and claim he heard Africa. This will keep up until one of them becomes winded. Then the other one will walk away in triumph only, in all probability, to lose in the next encounter. Notice the poster on the wall, announcing that Allen Gammans, the famous cornetist, will be on the air next Tuesday night. Allen uses a Blah-Blah cornet exclusively and this company pays him well for the advertising it receives.

"Let's walk a little further down the Avenue. Here is a large shoe store owned by Palma Champegny. Her clerks make a specialty of fitting size four shoes on the size seven feet of fat ladies. Palma employs only women clerks and among them are several of your classmates. Evelyn Perry is over there fitting shoes on a fat dowager. Evelyn is telling her that the ten dollar shoes make her feet appear more graceful than the six dollar pair. As a matter of fact the shoes do not exist that could make the old lady's feet look graceful. There is Alice Henshaw talking with Orvilla Backus. Alice has just related some choice bit of scandal, regarding Evelyn, to Orvilla; after first exacting a promise from Orvilla not to tell anybody else. Of course Orvilla will tell someone else, but then, Alice knows she will anyhow.

"That prosperous looking business man who just came in is Alden Wrightington. After graduating from high school he went to Harvard



where he was a football hero. Surely you remember that Harvard-Yale game in '30 when Alden kicked a field goal from his own ten yard line. Alden saw that strategy was needed to aid such a daring play, so when the ball was tossed back by the centre, Alden turned his back on the in-rushing enemy linesmen and pretended that he was going to kick the ball over his own goal. This manoeuver fooled the Yale men completely, and they rushed around on the other side to block the kick. Alden simply turned around, released the ball, and calmly kicked a ninety yard field goal in the other direction. This won the game and made Alden famous.

"Well, if you don't want any shoes, we'll continue on our way. Here is a book store advertising the latest poems of Charles Stiles. You remember that Charlie was always interested in poetry. Now he is recognized as one of the leading contemporary poets. Let me read you one of the poems from this book here which he recently published. I must warn you first, however, that these poems were not written for the casual reader. One must delve deep to appreciate the underlying thought. This particular poem is entitled 'To a Pussy Willow.' It reads as follows:

'I love thee, little pussy willow  
For your pretty face;  
You remind me of my sister  
Who was drowned quite near this place!'

Isn't that pathetic? It possesses a strange, sad sweetness all its own.

"Where is that music coming from? Oh! It's the victrola in the music store next door. They're playing a banjo record by Bill Portas, a classical number, 'Red Hot Mamma, Here's your Fire Extinguisher.' Doesn't it sound hauntingly melodious?

"Why, there goes Elizabeth Chace and Almira Valley. I'll wager they are off to the circus. Would you care to follow them and go? It is only a few minutes walk from here. The tickets are 25c each. It will cost you 50c altogether. Too bad I can't find my pocketbook! But you won't mind! Now that we're here I suggest that we see the side-shows first.

"Look! Manny Perry the strong man. Isn't he a brute? And there is Charlie Vandenburg over in the center. The sign says he's the tallest man in the world! Charlie is just selling two pictures of himself for 10c each. These people certainly know how to make money.

"Quick! Look over there! There's Edith Kenny. The announcer claims she is the fattest woman in the universe. She has increased *greatly* in size since her school days, hasn't she? And isn't that sword swallower next to her, Marjorie Knowles? Listen! The announcer is telling the



crowd that she eats tacks in the morning, daggers at noon and swords at night. He also says that when very hungry, she will eat plowshares. For the sake of security you'd better put your watch and chain out of sight. There is no way of knowing whether or not she has been fed today.

"Well, we've seen everything here so we may as well go out and look over the rest. Good Gracious! Did you see Manny Silvia over on that side? He seems to be running some sort of a game of chance. Oh! Yes! It's called the shell game and you're supposed to guess which of the three shells hides the pea. You're going to try it, aren't you? Go ahead and bet Manny ten dollars that you can guess which shell he puts it under. Now watch him carefully. Ah! There it is! Pick the shell in the middle. I saw him flip it under. Yes, that is the one! What? It isn't there? Why, that's strange! I could have sworn that it was right there. It certainly is queer. Oh well, you've only lost ten dollars, anyway, so why worry?

"I suggest that we have a drink of iced lemonade at this stand. Elsie Silver and Dot Henshaw are the owners. Yes, Elsie, give us two glasses of lemonade. Ah! That tastes fine. I call that rather cheap at 25c a glass, don't you? Too bad I haven't found my pocketbook yet.

"I see you are tiring of this atmosphere so we'll take this car to the opposite end of the city where I have something else to show you. The good-looking man sitting over there is Fred Simmons. That's his wife with him I suppose. He just addressed her as 'Eunice.' Fred is now a noted humorist. He was always a punster, even during his schooldays. Surely you remember how heartily Miss Siebert would laugh at his merry jests in English. Fred is as irrepressible as ever. He toured the British Isles last summer and was even presented to the King of England. As soon as the introduction was over Fred said, 'George, old kid, who was that lady I saw you with last night?' This brilliant sally nearly caused the king to strangle from laughter and every one who was present remarked on the keen humor of 'those Americans.'

"Would you mind passing me the newspaper lying on the seat right there? Here's a patent medicine testimonial by Catherine Price. Allow me to read it to you:

'Dear Sir,

For years I was a run down, tired out and bed-ridden woman. I was tortured with backache, headache, toothache, chills, fever, astigmatism and pyorrhea. Nine doctors gave me up as hopeless and told me I would die before I was ninety. Things looked very

black indeed. One day I noticed an advertisement in a magazine. This advertisement suggested Invidia Slinkham's medicine for all ills. I used only fourteen bottles before noticing a great change for the better in my health. I was, formerly, troubled a great deal by my loose tooth. Now, I am not bothered in that way at all. My teeth have fallen out. I recommend your medicine most highly and only hope that it will do for others as much as it has done for me.

Yours sincerely,

C. Price.'

"Hum-m-m! Here's the True Confessions column and the very first article is by Marion Roos. Would you like to hear it?

'I was just a shy young country girl, unsophisticated and unused to the ways of the world. And then I met him! He was so handsome and big and strong. I trusted him with the sweet faith of an innocent girl, but now my poor heart is broken! Oh, how cruelly he deceived me! He borrowed five dollars from me one day and I've never seen him since!'

"Isn't that pitiful? The world is full of pitfalls for the unwary. Oh! You'll never guess the editor of the 'Love Questions' column. It's Verda Rothwell and I'll read the first question and answer.

'Dear Verda,

I have been keeping company with a young man of my own age whom I love deeply and who loves me in spite of the fact that I am crosseyed, a trifle knock-kneed and a bit stout (I weigh one hundred and seventy). Despite the vows of love, however, my sweetheart has not proposed marriage. What can be the reason?

Agitated Agnes.'

'My dear Agitated Agnes, —

The answer is very simple. You have halitosis. Buy a bottle of 'Listerine' and I'll guarantee that your sweetheart will propose marriage at once.

Verda.'

"What! This news item says in the headlines 'Prescott Hoxie behind the bars!' Oh! I see! It merely states that Prescott has moved to Canada and bought up several drug stores. It is legal to sell liquor in Canada—hence the headlines.

"Well, this is the end of the car line, and that large building over there is our destination. It is a sanatorium run by Doctor Dunham. It

is really a restplace where wealthy people and people who have money may come to regain the youthful vigor they have lost in their varied scrambles for wealth. The sanitarium is very exclusive and so are the prices. We may as well go in and look over the place. Don't ring the bell. We'll walk right in.

"Did you see that pretty nurse going down the corridor just then? She winked at me. I'm sure of it. That's Doris McCarthy and there goes her sister Esther. She is a nurse, too. Doctor Dunham makes it a point to hire good looking assistants.

"Isn't that Warren Page sitting in that chair? He looks very peaceful but do not be deceived. He is a ferocious dramatic critic on the 'New York Herald' and he's here as the result of a review of a Broadway play. Page attended the first night of this play and as was his invariable custom, he roasted the production in his review. The author took the criticism as a personal insult and vowed vengeance. One night as Page was passing a dark alley he suddenly lost consciousness. Notice the large bump in the back of the head. Oh! well, Page can get even when he reviews the author's next play.

"The gentleman over there in the wheel chair is Fred Moss, the famous Shakespearean actor whose health broke down recently. See, he's muttering something now. What's that he's saying? 'To be or not to be, the spot, the bloody spot, I come not to praise Caesar, but whether or not 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the spot, the damned spot for I have come to bury Caesar and Life is a stage and we poor mortals are the actors, but who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?'

"The patient in that chair is Everett Slocum, a rabid golf fan. He is suffering from a temporary loss of memory. Were it not for this fact he would undoubtedly tell you the real reason he missed such an easy putt in his last match.

"Doctor Dunham just came in to take Fred Moss's temperature. Isn't that a pretty suit Dary is wearing? I always did like a black and white check design. The doc has gone out for a minute. Look! Did you see that? Fred just put the thermometer on that hot water bottle! Oh well, he's not responsible. Here comes Doctor Dunham back again. He's looking at the thermometer and it reads 170° which means that Moss was dead two weeks ago. Just watch Dary jump around! I don't blame him either. If Moss is dead the Doctor can't collect a cent. Look how Fred is slumped over in his chair. He likes to fool them like this. Here comes Christine McLeod, the head nurse. Dary is excitedly telling her about



the affair. Christine isn't fooled a bit tho! She's standing near Fred now. Look! She just stuck a large pin into him! Did you hear Fred yell? That will teach him not to try any more tricks.

"I believe the beautiful lady over in the corner is 'Dora Fairweather. She is recognized as the leading 'siren' of the screen. You will admit that she looks the part. Dora portrays the languorous type of beauty to perfection and there is danger in her every look.

"By far the most pitiable object in the sanitarium is George Cook. Of course you remember him in school. He was so handsome, so clever and so talented in every way! And now—ah! What a change. In spite of many warnings he used the same joke too often and, alas, became an object of pity and also a public menace. It was necessary to bring him to Doctor Dunham's wonderful sanitarium to recuperate. So far even the Doctor's marvelous powers have failed and it is with great pity that I see this once brilliant man tearing his finger nails and chewing his hair.

"If you will glance to the left you will see two other patients, Priscilla Alden and Barbara Bates. They were prominent society leaders who collapsed under the strain of trying to understand Carl Sandburg's poems. Both women were ardent horse-women and—see! They're singing, 'Horses, horses, everywhere are horses.' Poor things, my heart aches for them. Come we must go. Our machine is not far from here."

We found our airship where we had left it at the edge of the city. A press of the button brought an answering roar from the motor and we were whistling thru space and time back to home and 1927. It was dusk and the country below seemed indistinguishable, but suddenly old man Fate shut off the motor and we volplaned slowly to earth in the little clearing whence we had started on our journey. I climbed out of the airship and looked at the little cabin. When I turned around old man Fate and his time-conquering airship were gone. They had disappeared completely.

"O, well," I said to myself, "I might have expected it."

I looked in the direction of the cabin and rubbed my eyes. There was no cabin there.

"I might have expected it," I repeated to myself.

After some effort I managed to force my way thru the underbrush back to the road I had left that morning. When once more on the highway I hastened my steps homewards and as soon as I arrived there I wrote this account of my journey into the future so that all my classmates might read herein and know their true destinies.

GEORGE COOK

HOPE E. DUDGEON

ALDORA FAIRWEATHER

# The Observant Student

The Senior Class could easily furnish the nucleus for a side show.  
Have you ever seen at the circus such freaks as

Flat-Iron Cook

Shot-gun Brown

Smash-up Ernie

Dammon the Mexican Jumping Bean

Charlie Stiles the Class Fairy?

---

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SEE THE SIGHTS  
NEW BEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL  
STAR STORE—STEIGER-DUDGEON  
AND THE CITY INCINERATOR  
FLATTER THE GIRL FRIEND  
BE A FRIEND FOR LIFE  
VOTE FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
IN THE SENIOR CLASS

By inserting here a name, I give ONE VOTE that  
the under-signed is the most beautiful girl in the  
SENIOR CLASS.

Name

Mark  
X

☐

ALL VOTES MUST BE IN BY JUNE 20.  
ALL VOTES TO BE DEPOSITED IN MAIL BOX  
ON TABLE IN ROOM 4

ALL VOTES FOR GEORGE COOK WILL NOT BE COUNTED  
BE SURE THE GIRL VOTED FOR IS IN THE SENIOR CLASS!



SIMMONS THE BOY MATHEMATICIAN RAPID  
CALCULATOR!

Simmy who in a physics experiment the other day was taking the time elapsing between the firing of a revolver and the transmission of the noise of the report over a 1000 feet, measured the elapsed time to 100ths of a second with a 5th of a second watch. Accuracy is his motto!

---

Brown will never make a bell-hop now! The tips will all drop through his hand!

---

Instead of putting tape on the tennis courts, Cookie should have put on court plaster!

---

On Junior Day the Senior members of the Senior table at the south end of the Refectory will tap eight Juniors to take their places next year. We have not yet decided with what to tap them. We will consult, shortly the Wood-turning Department.

---

In the moving picture, "The Unholy Three," Lon Chaney was the brains of the group, but the only thing the matter with Fairhaven High's "Unholy Three" is that there are no brains!!!

---

Charlie Burns claims Lindbergh to be of Irish descent—also Jim Maloney. It sure was an Irish descent—down to the Canvas! I will admit that Lindbergh, Irish or no Irish descended into Paris!

---

Everybody's glad to have Fairhaven out of the cellar division in local baseball. Durfee has a fairly good team, but when Taunton played Fairhaven the Herring Towners were too much at home in the water. It is enjoyable to watch the indignant surprise of those who foretold a bad season for Fairhaven!

---

I call your attention to the fact that the Observant Student persuaded Mac and Burns to purchase new Fedoras, although he has not seen Briggs & Beckman come across yet with any tents.

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